

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1909.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,340

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

December "hands us the frosty mitt" on entering.

What! kidnap old John Rockefeller, wig and all?

Having got another "stay," Gompers is pretty well braced up.

Alabama was only flirting with prohibition when it adopted state-wide jurisdiction two years ago.

A few more murders at Vincennes, Ind., and all the romance will have been taken out of "Alice" of that place.

Frequent absorptions are making the Vermont Marble company a fact, as well as a name. There is little uncovered marble outside of it.

Natives in British East Africa are killing with spears those lions which Roosevelt missed with his rifles. Lion hunting in British East Africa is not, then, fraught with such tremendous dangers to the hunters as one has been led to suppose.

Two years in the Vermont state prison for stealing 72 pennies seems like a hard sentence, but the burglar who robbed the Castleton railroad station took his chances on the size of the "swag" as well as on getting away. As it happened, both were slim, and the sentence is not so disproportionate as it seems to be.

IMPROVING HOPE CEMETERY.

There are fine possibilities for beautifying Hope cemetery, with a comparatively slight outlay of money, and it is pleasing to note that the cemetery commissioners are to undertake that work as soon as possible. Most important of all will be the construction of a suitable entrance from the Maple avenue side of the cemetery, this being a natural approach by an even grade and through a wooded valley. The removal of the house at the entrance is absolutely necessary to this plan, and this work is one of the features of the proposed change. It is probable also that the trees will be thinned out. Then, after this is all done, the tin-cans and rubbish, which have been carelessly thrown down the sides of the approach, will be removed. These indications of carelessness should have been removed before now.

LOCATION FOR VERMONT'S CHAMPLAIN MEMORIAL.

Since the discussion of the location of a Champlain memorial, to be jointly erected by the states of New York and Vermont, has turned into open disruption of the plans, and New York has started on independent lines, there is nothing left for Vermont to do but to proceed with independent plans also; and that appears to be the determination of the Champlain Tercentenary commission. There seemed to be little prospect of the two states agreeing on a proposed site for the monument, since each was naturally desirous of having the memorial on its own soil, and, with both having about the same right, from the standpoint of historical appropriateness, in demanding it.

It comes, then, to the question of what will be the most acceptable site. The locations suggested are Juniper Island, Rock Dundar and Isle La Motte, and of these the first named seems to meet with the greatest favor. Juniper Island is not, accurately speaking, Vermont soil, since it has a government lighthouse and is United States property; but that is a minor objection, inasmuch as the island lies near the Vermont shore and just a short distance from Burlington harbor, where it would command the greatest attention. Rock Dundar is out of the question, because, as the name indicates, it is nothing but a bald rock, thrusting its head out of the waters of Lake Champlain and being so restricted in area as to furnish nothing more than a mere site for the monument. Were the Vermont monument to be erected on Rock Dundar, it would be almost inaccessible, and the nearest one could get to it would be at the base of the rock, unless disposed to clamber up the rock. A \$14,000 monument, or memorial, should have a handsome setting of greenward and shrubbery, and that would be impossible on Lake Dundar. For natural beauty of the surroundings, Isle La Motte commands even more attention than Juniper, but that location is open to the very potent objection of being too far removed from the larger centers of population on both sides of the lake, although from historical value it is, seemingly, better than any of those thus far mentioned. But it is where Vermonters would rarely see it, and if the wishes of the public are followed, the commission will undoubtedly locate the proposed memorial in a more accessible place, such as Juniper Island.



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"The Destiny of Man."

What is man's eternal destiny? Men of all shades of belief die. This includes the Christian and the heathen, the honest man who is not a Christian, the sane and the insane, the ignorant and the educated. If only the saintly go to Heaven, what is the eternal destiny of the others? Is there any means by which we can surely know? These questions, and many others of similar import,



J. F. RUTHERFORD.

port, Mr. J. F. Rutherford of New York promises to clearly and satisfactorily answer at the Worcester hall in his noted Bible lecture on "The Destiny of Man." The lecture is to-night (Wednesday). All who are interested in this subject (and all thinking people should be), should hear this subject discussed by one who is thoroughly qualified to handle it from the Bible standpoint. The lecture will begin at 7:30; doors open at 7 p. m. All seats are free, no admission charged and no collection taken. It is given wholly in the interest of those who desire more knowledge on this great question. Let us hear the lecture.

NORTHFIELD

A son was born Monday to Prof. and Mrs. C. S. Carleton.

A daughter was born last week to Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Taplin of Brookline, Mass. Mrs. Taplin was formerly Miss Grace Batchelder of this town.

Rev. and Mrs. Dole and son, Robert, of Enfield, N. H., were in town last week. Friday, they left for Tarpon Springs, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Max Alden Woodbury and Miss Ethelyn Perkins Lovell in Salem, Mass. He has a position in Salem and the couple will reside there.

Madie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pochetti, has recently had an operation on her ear at the Boston hospital at Montpelier. The operation was successful and the child is comfortable.

Mrs. Dora Aldrich has gone to Boston, after spending some time in town. After a week spent in that city, she will leave for Tarpon Springs, Fla., to spend the winter with Rev. Walter Dole and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Sanderson returned Sunday from a trip to New York and Boston, where they had spent a week. Mr. Sanderson purchased a valuable horse at the horse sale at the Madison Square garden in New York.

The First Universalist church of Northfield will observe next Sunday, December 5, with appropriate exercises, as the one hundredth anniversary of the preaching of Universalism in the town of Northfield, and the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the present church structure in the depot village. In the morning, Rev. L. P. Booth, D. D., of Norwich, pastor of the society from 1881 to 1888, will preach the anniversary sermon and in the afternoon, Rev. Ransom A. Green, pastor from 1872 to 1877, will preach the commemorative sermon. A number of former pastors are expected to be present, and the anniversary promises to be very enjoyable.

Old Age Is a Troublesome

guest, some say. Not, however, when an annuity furnishes an assured income, free from worry, as true as you live, as long as you live, fifth year. National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

MONTPELIER

A daughter was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Yett.

A daughter was born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. David Sears.

Hugh Devine has been discharged from Boston hospital, and is much improved in health. He underwent an operation for the removal of a cancer from his face.

A. C. Blanchard, administrator of the estate of Lester M. Cameron, has deeded to Josephine Cameron the creamery building and other property on Barre street for \$9,000.

Father Pablo of New York, a Spanish priest, is in this city in behalf of the Spanish communicants of the Catholic church. There are 300 Spanish-speaking people in this city and Barre, but this is the first time a priest of their own nationality has ever visited them.

The Direct Importing company of Boston is to establish a tea store in this city on the second floor of the Lawrence block. The company has seventy stores in New England, those in Vermont being in Burlington, Rutland and Bennington. The store in Montpelier will open Friday or Saturday morning.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"Other People's Money" Next Friday Evening in Barre.

A prominent Broadway producing manager is quoted as having said, that the successful playwright of to-day must aim to serve rather than instruct the public.

During the great and noisy day one is brought in touch not only with trials and troubles of his own but with those of others as well.

When that silent queller of tumult, night, has softly thrown its robe of darkness over mother earth and one slowly winds his way to the one place of amusement in his town, does it not seem logical that a bright sparkling bit of comedy would find appreciation in this weary and fatigued individual in preference to heavy drama whose chief aim is to rake over the coals of any possible misdeeds he may have been guilty of, and rob his conscience of those few hours of rest which nature has granted it.

If then we are to see a comedy, there remains no logical reason why we should not see the best. Such is "Other People's Money," which appears in the opera house one night only, Friday, December 3, as its coast to coast reputation will prove.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Henpecked Husband.
Children (who have been left in his charge)—Father, we are going back into the park for a little. May you come with us?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Prepared For It.

"Th' bet Brown has coal in his cellar."
"What makes you think so?"
"He met me this morning and exclaimed enthusiastically: 'This is just the kind of weather I like!'"—Detroit Free Press.

No Free Admittance.

An astronaut, leaning over the edge of his car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football field, overbalanced himself and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously.

"Ah," said the treasurer in a tone of relief, "Th' trouble you for your sixpence now, old fellow."—Tit-Bits.

What He Got.

A good many years ago, in the state of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said, "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' if I do," said the boy, "and all of I don't."—Saturday Evening Post.

Of More Interest.

"Papa," confided the pretty girl shyly, "there is a rumor about that I am to be the wife of Count Bluffem."

"Rosh!" snorted the old man, with a frown.

"But—but don't you know the rumor is gaining currency every day?"

"H'm! What good are rumors? What I want to know—is the count gaining any currency?"—Chicago News.

Killing Time.

"I find it hard to kill time," declared the pampered pet. "I only have my music, you know. How do you manage?"

"Oh, I do very well," answered the other girl. "In addition to my music, I have my sweeping, my dusting, my sewing and my dishwashing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Disappointed.



"So Marie decided to withdraw from the field of literature."
"Yes, indeed. After she found out the much talked of 'literary style' had nothing to do with gowns or hats she was disgusted."

Absolutely Pure...



IN THE GROTTTO.

By M. QUAD.

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It took place quite suddenly; but, then, it was at a summer resort. Things always take place quite suddenly at those places or not at all. They observed each other at the dinner table; they went out sailing in the same boat in the afternoon; in the evening they found themselves side by side on the veranda listening to the music and looking out on the moonlit waters. Somehow they introduced themselves to each other, and after that Fate held them in the hollow of her hand.

Minnie Lee was there under the chaperonage of her aunt, Homer Ware, being twenty-four years old, was acting as his own guardian. While this was a case of love at first sight, neither of the principals told all they knew at the first, second or third meeting. They spoke of uncles, cousins and aunts; they referred to music and the drama; they spoke of London, Paris and other foreign capitals. It would have been in bad taste for the young woman to even hint that she was an heiress or for the young man to give a list of the stocks and bonds he had in a safety vault. Oh, no. The social code did not enter into the affair in the least. It was the romantic altogether.

The young man was in time introduced to the chaperon. "In time" in this case meant within three days after the first meeting. You have got to hustle things along at a summer resort or get left. The chaperon was a woman of forty, either an old maid or a widow, and, while not severe, she was a woman of the world.

Two weeks passed like a day. They always pass swiftly at the summer resort. If they didn't the landlords couldn't present their bills so often. During the second week it became patent to many guests that the couple were under discussion were very much in love and that an engagement was topping on the brink. No one threatened to use a club to halt proceedings, however. Even the chaperon seemed to favor it. Therefore things were going like a June day when Fate made up her mind to take a hand in. There were grottoes in the hotel grounds—half a dozen of them. Some were double grottoes, like two family houses, and others only single. If a loving couple made an early start from the dinner table they might pre-empt one of the single grottoes and hold it against all comers until an hour after midnight. If all the single ones were found occupied the double ones came into play. They were divided by a stone wall, but they were intended to convey sound instead of desecrating it.

On this certain evening, when the moon was round and full and white and soft and when the hotel band was trying to waken love in other hearts, our couple were a minute late in leaving the dining room and had to rent half of a double grotto. The other side was not yet occupied, and they had an hour to themselves. Over 8,000 words of love can be spoken in an hour. The couple had got up to 8,324 when the other side of the house was occupied by a man and a woman. In a very businesslike voice the man started off by saying:

"So you are sure it's the same pair?"

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken," replied the woman.

"You saw them at Atlantic City in April?"

"Yes."

"And then at a hotel in New York?"

"As I told you, and I know that they jumped their board bill in both places. I know that the supposed aunt borrowed money of two or three guests at the hotel in Atlantic City and went away leaving them unpaid. I have the strongest suspicion that the girl is a divorced wife and is being used as a stool pigeon to pluck such fools as the one who is sweet on her now. The aunt's room is next to mine, and last night I heard her saying something about striking some one for a thousand dollars. She must have referred to him. Yes, I'm sure they are a couple of sharpers."

"And what about the fellow?"

"What I know I got from Betty, and she got it from another lady's maid. Some one has found out that he is living on the charity of an uncle and hasn't got a hundred dollars to his name, though he is putting up the biggest kind of a front."

"Well, it's not our affair," said the man.

"But it is in a way. Such deadbeats ought to be exposed. The women will no doubt jump their board bill here."

"Well, let 'em jump. The landlord must look out for himself. And I'd be careful to say nothing to other guests. Come on, let's take a stroll."

While the above conversation had been going on, and it was not at all hurried, two frozen human beings sat on the other side of the wall and heard every word. They breathed, but they breathed softly. They had hold of hands, but they didn't squeeze. Neither moved a finger nor toe. They were as people dead to the world. The other half of the grotto had been vacated ten minutes or more before Miss Minnie suddenly revived and stood up. The young man followed suit. She shook herself. He did the same. Then, without a word, a tear, a blessing, a hand kiss, she headed for the hotel. He waited for a minute and then took up her trail, but not to run her down. Guests who looked for any of the three next day found them not. That's the way at summer resorts. You love quickly and you unlove with the same suddenness, and only those in the ring know why.

A LESSON IN LOGIC.

Lord Erskine's Way With a Ruffianly Horse Beater.

It is only within the memory of living man that legislation has undertaken to protect domestic animals from the cruelty of their owners. Ownership was held to be absolute by most, but there was one man in England a hundred years ago who could demonstrate the untenable nature of this theory. This man was Thomas Erskine, one of the greatest lawyers and advocates of his age. A widower survived at Hampstead, the residence of Lord Erskine, which Charles G. Harper has put into his book, "Rural Nooks Round London," and which shows how this legal authority would have administered more recent laws.

It is related that the celebrated Lord Erskine, walking one day on Hampstead heath, saw a ruffianly driver shamefully thrashing a miserably ill-cared-for horse.

Lord Erskine remonstrated with the driver on the cruelty of it, whereupon the fellow retorted: "It's my own Mayn't I use it as I please?" Then he started whacking the wretched animal worse than ever.

Erskine, greatly annoyed, laid his walking stick over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked my lord—this is the drawing room version, not a verbatim report, which would read rather differently—what business he had to touch him with the stick.

"Why," said Erskine, "the stick's my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?"

Enjoying Himself.

A food mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter: "I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while."

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit."

"We are gold" to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."—London Globe.

It Isn't Fatals.

"What good does it do, even if we have found the pole?"
"Well, for one thing, it ends the Wellman comedy."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Trying Out.

"Aretic travel and transportation are still experimental, are they not?"
"I suppose so, since they are still trying it on the dog."—Pittsburg Post.

Why Cough

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular doctor's medicine for coughs and colds.

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